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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten Weeks, Ten Cents.—UNITY will be sent to any address not now on our list ten weeks for ten cents. Subscribers are requested to show this offer to their friends. Postoffice mission workers may order as many extra copies as they can use at this rate.

Theodore Parker Memorial.

"THERE he stands, looking more like a ploughman than priest,
If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful, at least,
His gestures all downright and same, if you will,
As of brown-fisted hobnail in hoeing a drill;
But his periods fall on you, stroke after stroke,
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak,
You forget the man wholly, you're thankful to meet
With a preacher who smacks of the field and the street,
And to hear, you're not over-particular whence,
Almost Taylor's profusion, quite Latimer's sense."
—Lowell's Fable for Critics.

As we go to press we learn that the Free Religious Association, at its annual meeting in Boston last week, passed resolutions cordially endorsing the Theodore Parker Memorial Fund of the Western Conference, and took steps toward securing subscriptions for the same through its officers.

We gladly yield our space, almost unreservedly, to the publication of the exercises at the Parker Memorial meeting, held the second evening of the Conference. Those who were present on this inspiring occasion will be glad that the noteworthy utterances of the evening are put in permanent shape, and those who were unable to attend will be equally glad to have the loss partly made up in this way.

RELIGION, in Parker's view, had no foe among the skeptics or unbelievers so harmful as the human sin and folly

that often go cloaked in that name. "All the attacks made on religion itself by men of science, from Celsus to Feuerbach, have not done so much to bring religion into contempt as a single persecution for witchcraft, or a Bartholomew massacre made in the name of God."

IN his Transcendentalism in New England, Mr. Frothingham makes Emerson the seer, in that great illuminative period of thought, Alcott the Mystic Margaret Fuller the Critic, Parker the Preacher, George Ripley the Man of Letters. "Parker was more than anything else, a preacher; preacher more than theologian, philosopher or scholar. Whatever else he was contributed to his greatness in this."

ONE of his biographers says that Parker's life of constant industry and aggressive work in practical reform, was a plain result of his religious belief. His conscience ruled him imperiously in the choice of a career and an occupation. He had a scholar's tastes, the literary student's love of quiet, and select companionship, but the voice within forbade him to choose it. His religion was one that "made self-indulgence impossible."

ALLUDING to the Fugitive Slave Bill, shortly after its passage in Congress, Parker reminded his hearers he had always taught "that the religious faculty is the natural ruler in all the commonwealth of man, . . . and some of you will remember that the first sermon I addressed to you was on this theme: The absolute necessity of religion for safely conducting the life of the individual, the life of the State. You know very well I did not begin too soon; yet I did not then foresee that it would soon be denied in America, in Boston, that there was any law higher than an Act of Congress."

THE Woman Question was one of the new movements of the time, on which Mr. Parker declared himself thus, "Woman I have always regarded as the equal of man—more nicely speaking, the equivalent of man; superior in some things, inferior in others; inferior in the lower qualities, in bulk of body and bulk of brain; superior in the higher and nicer qualities, in the moral power of conscience, the living power of affection, the religious power of the soul; equal on the whole, and of course entitled to the same rights as man; the same rights of mind, body and estate; the same domestic, social, ecclesiastical and political rights as man, and only kept from the enjoyment of these by might, not right; yet herself destined one day to acquire them all."

CONCERNING the question of immortality, Parker spoke with the intensity, and it must be added, with something of the dogmatic spirit that often characterized the transcendentalists, who held to their beliefs as positively, if not as intolerantly, as the orthodox Christians who assailed them. Without this belief in immortality, Parker saw human life bereft, not only of its chief spiritual hope, but of all moral motive. "If to-morrow I am to perish then I shall only take counsel for to-day. My fathers will be to me only as the ground out of which my bread-corn is grown. . . . I shall sow such seed as will bear harvest to-day; I shall know no higher law, . . . morality will vanish, expediency will take its place, heroism will be gone, . . . and the cool, calm courage, which for truth's sake, looks death firmly in the face, and then

wheels into line, ready to be slain—that will be a thing no longer heard of." Though it was our great prophet spoke these words, we should be untrue to the example he taught if we did not speak our strong dissent from them. The rational view of a later day pronounces life good at any cost, even that of self-extinction at death. The truest piety is that which rests on belief in the integrity of the present hour—the wisdom and love manifest in the sum of human happiness and knowledge already gained.

THE THEODORE PARKER MEMORIAL FUND.

Was the murmuring of the dying man not true,—"There are two Theodore Parkers now; one is dying here in Italy, the other planted in America. He will live there and finish my work." Is there not a Theodore Parker living and working still in America? The Unitarian denomination that practically cast him out, has since put his face among its worthies in Channing Hall, his works among its publications, and it now holds in trust the Memorial Building in Boston that is ever to bear his name. In all denominations there is a growing welcome for the minister of whatever name, or no name, who aims at this Parker ideal,—to teach what is absolutely true and absolutely right; who is the servant of no sect, howsoever venerable and wide-spread; who claims the same religious rights with Luther and Calvin, with Buddha and Mohammed; yes, with Moses and Jesus,—the inalienable right to serve the God of nature in his own way; who preaches the religion which belongs to human nature, as he understands it; natural Piety, love of the infinitely perfect God; natural Morality, the keeping of every law He has written on the body, and in the soul of man, especially by loving and serving his creatures."

Nowhere has this living Theodore Parker worked more effectively and persistently than in the West. The other day the Western Unitarian Conference, which has inherited in a peculiar degree his task of battling for the open fellowship of religion, and a non-credal piety, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of Theodore Parker's death, with fitting song and tribute in prose and poetry; but with more fitting resolve to sustain in his work the Theodore Parker still "planted in America," by the raising of a \$10,000 contribution to the Endowment Fund of the Western Conference, this contribution to be known as the *Theodore Parker Memorial Fund*. This Fund is to be ever held sacred, the income alone to be used to advance the work of the Conference. A part of what was said at this meeting is reported in this number of UNITY, and the subscriptions to the Fund, received up to our going to press, will be found in our Announcement column. We hope that the friends of Theodore Parker, East, West and in Europe, will be glad to complete this \$10,000, that it may stand as the product of that one memorial impulse, one more tribute to a brave man, one more lift to a struggling cause.

A generation has nearly passed beyond since a few young men "*Resolved*, That Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston." There is still need of the chance for him to be heard beyond Boston. The one who can pay only a dollar ought to be as willing and as proud to do so as the one who can pay one thousand

dollars. UNITY has three thousand readers who will be the happier for being counted in on this Fund. Payments may be made any time before the 16th of May, 1894, in a manner agreeable to the subscriber. Contributors, by arrangement with the treasurer, may invest their own funds, or in other words, give their note, not transferable, upon which they pay interest until the note is paid. All who read this notice are invited to send their subscription, and, if possible, extend the same privilege to their friends. All further subscriptions will be reported in these columns.

The completion of this \$10,000 will make valid upwards of \$16,000 more of conditional subscriptions, making a total of \$26,000 toward the \$50,000 fund started a year ago.

All money contributions to be sent to M. Leonard, Treasurer, 5422 Lake Avenue, Chicago. Report all subscriptions as promptly as possible to the Senior Editor of this paper.

THEODORE PARKER.

BY JAMES VILA BLAKE.

Men in crowds were gazing with upturned faces;
A poet came by;
"What looking at?" quoth he, "Yon soul,"
they answered,
"Mighty and high."
Then with one voice they cried, "Oh! sing this spirit
Beautiful and strong."
"I will," the poet saith, with them uplooking;
Then sped his cry,
"Come forth, come down, some glorious element,
And give me song!"

Then from the soul broke beams,
Knowledge and Reason, Speech and Honesty,
That burst with glory heavenly
And rolled in vivid streams
That on the poet fell and round him strove.

Knowledge spoke first, praying the song to sing:
"Let his great Learning sing," quoth he;
"shalt rove
All lands and climates, poet; shalt sing the dreams
Of peoples in their books, their splendors bring;
No gem too small to discover, to gather, and none too great to use."
Listened the poet, well pleased, and him would choose.

Then Reason: "Poet, of what avail," saith he, "Are jangling Facts? Music is harmony. Knowledge unreasoned is but patch and shred, Unflowered at heart, unfruitful in the head. He was a Knight on Reason horsed; 'tis I should be his Muse."
Listened the poet, well pleased, and him would choose.

Quickly, "O poet, was song e'er dumb?" quoth Speech.
"What boots it, Fact or Reason, if neither teach?
Dumb Fact is like a bell untongued; dumb Thought,
A mist imagined, a vapor dreamed, a naught. Grand was this great Soul's speech; to sing, prythee, not me refuse."
Listened the poet, well pleased, and him would choose.

Then Honesty, at last; and, "Poet," saith he, "What more than ills can Speech, Thought, Knowledge be,
If they be truthful not? The truth is all! With it, all stand; without, the strongest fall. Truthful was this high soul; 'tis I should sing; prythee, me use."
Listened the poet, well pleased, and him would choose.

But when the poet them all did view and see, Knowledge and Reason, Speech and Honesty, Unto them all cried he,
"Where is your Music? I hear no melody; I miss sweet closes and the cadency, The tender echoes and the harmony; Completeness, beauty, glory, unity."
To Knowledge spake the poet: "Over the earth,
All lands and climates, shall I rove, and sing

The dreams of peoples in their books? What worth?
Heart-lore, life-lore—with these the song must ring!
Not in thy packs of Books and Arts is the Learning I must use."
And the poet turned, displeased—him would not choose.

To Reason then he spake: "And thou hast said
That things unreasoned feed nor heart nor head?
What gains sad argument? Not proof but sight
Endows the heart with bliss, the song with light.
'A visored knight?' Not so; a man bare-eyed: not thou his Muse."
And the poet turned, displeased—would not him choose.

Answers the poet then to Speech, and saith:
"Thou say'st nor Fact if dumb, hath worth, nor Thought;
But what are words? Mist, vapor, clouds of breath
Whose lightnings in the heavenly heart are wrought.
Fetch me those flames and fires;—their sheaths of words I do refuse."
And the poet turned, displeased—him would not choose.
To Honesty, last, the poet saith, "I pray
What meanest—that 'Truth is all?' Is that so high—
So glorious that? If one speak truth for pay,
How better than for that same price to lie?
Nay, Honesty, thou 'rt good; but Love is more.
Nay, thee I cannot use."
And the poet turned, displeased—would not him choose.

Unto them all cried he,—
"Music I miss, and symphony,
Sweet closes, tender cadency,
Canticles and harmony,
Perfection, beauty, unity.
Ye are the full and ripened fruits a-field,
Mighty to nourish:
I want the rains that murmured, clouds that pealed,
The sun that shone,
The forest's tone,
The winds that rolling waters crested,
Birds that mated, sang and nested,
Where ye did flourish—
Light of love and blessedness,
Sounds of joy and tenderness."

Then at the word, the name of Love,
There was gathered all above
And broke from the soul a light
So radiant, heavenly, spotless-bright,—
The very noon-tide
Fain would soon glide
Behind the beam to hide
Its darker face.
Hastened from deep space
Every light-loving star
That faithfully afar
Had shed its spiritual beam,
To dip into that lucient stream,
Thereafter in its place
More bright to gleam.
So beautiful the glow,
Darkness would have it so,
And Night was pleased.

So in the heavens; but now on earth
What hymn can tell
The luster of bliss that fell
From the light above,
At that one word
Of the poet heard,
The light of the name of Love!
Waters that on the mountains
In heaven's height
Had prisoned the Sun,
Now from valley fountains
Set it free anon,
And sprayed the light.
Then the bright showers,
Still full of heaven's fire,
Recurving on assembled flowers
Where they aspire,
Them did baptize;
Which then first knew their piety,
When love unsealed their eyes
And bade them each other see.
With every element and voice
Did earth rejoice,
Blessed o'er again.
The very air
Became more blue and fair,
Delighting to be breathed
And round the hearts be sheathed
Of loving men.

"O Love!" the poet cried, enraptured,
"Thou shalt sing the song!
Thou hast all men captured,
Thou canst lead them along
In one praise singing throng!
As this light from his soul brake,
So the prophet-preacher,
The love-full teacher
Did all men to his soul take,—
The free, the slave,
The timid, the brave,
The joyful, the grieving,
The doubting, believing,—
With his love enfolding,
Till at last beholding,
They saw the glory of the Face Divine
Through his great love shine."

Men in crowds were gazing with upturned faces;
The poet came by:

"What looking at?" quoth he, "Yon soul,"
they answered,
"Mighty and high."
Then, with one voice they cried, "Oh! sing
this spirit
Beautiful and strong!"
"Know ye, the poet said, "of this great soul,
ye people,
Love is the song!"

Love to God, love to mankind;
Unto the Father and unto the Son—
This was his strength, his girding before and behind,
This hath the victory won.
Love is the bosom where all the lightnings be
Of Knowledge and Reason, Speech and Honesty.

THEODORE PARKER—THE MAN AND REFORMER.

W. J. POTTER.

It will be eighty years next August, since, in the patriotic town of Lexington, Mass., Theodore Parker was born. It is thirty years ago these early days of May, since, as he passed through the delirious shadows of approaching death in Florence, he said to his friend, Miss Frances Power Cobbe. "There are two Theodore Parkers now: one is dying here in Italy; the other I have planted in America. He will live there and finish my work." Not quite fifty years of life! But that short fifty years "thronged with business how divine." Filled with what energies of purpose, with what amplitude of accomplishment!

Theodore Parker lived in a stirring era. In the whole history of America there has been none equal to it, excepting the years of the Revolution; and that not paralleling it in intellectual activity. It was an era marked by a revival of thought and by a special awakening of moral sentiment, such as nations are baptized with but seldom. Roused inquiry was measuring and weighing the beliefs of tradition. Conscience was keenly questioning the authority of constitutions and statutes. A finer humanity was moving the hearts of large numbers of people toward juster government and a more fraternal society. The mental and moral forces of the nation were arranging themselves for the great Civil Conflict which broke upon the land in less than a twelve-month after Parker had been buried in the little cemetery near the Pinti gate of Florence.

And of that stirring era, Theodore Parker was one of the most conspicuously stirring spirits. The utterances of his pulpit in Boston were heard across the continent. His Lyceum lectures, delivered up and down the land, were no mere literary essays to entertain complacent culture, nor oratorical declamations to catch the ear of the fickle populace, but they were political and moral sermons, crammed with solid facts for the understanding and with burning appeals to the conscience. Wherever they went they left behind them a wholesome and bracing agitation of the moral atmosphere. Thus he helped to mould the coming statesmanship of the war. Senators Sumner and Wilson, John P. Hale, Chase and Seward, and numerous Congressional representatives listened to his words, whether made in public or by private letter, as to those of no other lecturer or preacher of the time. He was the mentor of the political anti-slavery party. Abraham Lincoln, in Illinois, pondered his addresses, and they became text-books for shaping the political doctrines and formulas of the coming leader in that great national crisis, who, as President and Commander-in-chief, towered head and shoulders above all the giants around him. Parker's Music Hall pulpit was a throne above legislative halls and executive chairs. There was no cause of political reform nor of human amelioration upon which his word was not awaited by an eager public. Even his opponents and enemies were constrained to hear him. The very churches that denounced and disowned him read his speeches and trembled at them.

Thus I have struck at once into the heart of my subject; touched those spe-

cial characteristics of Theodore Parker's career for which he is most remembered in the nation at large. "Parker, the Man and Reformer," is my special topic. But Theodore Parker was one whom it is difficult to consider piecemeal. The whole man was in all his work. His was a commanding personality. Behind all that he said and did was felt the exceptional power of an exceptionally strong character; the energy of a peculiarly clear and decisive conscience; the supremacy of moral purpose. If his words were sharp and piercing, they were felt, nevertheless, to be trenchant with truth. If he wielded against the wrongs which he assailed, a two-edged sword, the blows were struck home with the intensity and weight of mighty convictions behind them. This intense vitality of a strong individual manhood permeated all his thinking and went into his books as well as into his speech, and deeds. Take almost any of his discourses and lectures apart from the man,—read them for their philosophy, for acuteness or spirituality of thought alone, and they may disappoint. Yet some of these very discourses were profoundly agitating, were epoch-making, in their immediate effect. His thoughts, his driest facts, the merest statistics which he collated, were all aglow with the fire of his personal vitality. He had strong intellectual convictions, and equally strong moral convictions; both were saturated with the sentiment of humanity; and the three were fused inseparably together by his own personal enthusiasm. Thus, like few men of the present century, he spoke as one having authority.

Such a man as this could not fail to be one of the most potent human forces of his time. And, though he died before he had rounded fifty years, the soul of him still marches on among us, fulfilling its mission. That was no mere hallucination of a dying brain, but only "words of truth and soberness," when he said that he had planted himself in America and should continue to live there to finish his work.

Of Theodore Parker, the man, I regret that I cannot mingle my address with personal reminiscence. Unfortunately I met him once only so near as to have speech with him. But once did I ever take him by the hand. Yet I lived only three miles away from him during the larger part of that last great decade of his life. In that time I frequently heard him in public, and was proud to count myself among his disciples. In my senior year at Harvard, I petitioned the College Faculty for permission to attend regularly the Music Hall services in Boston instead of the College chapel in Cambridge on Sunday. At that time the paternal authorities at Harvard deemed it necessary to promote the piety of the students by compulsory measures. Those of us who did not spend Sunday at our homes were required to attend the services at the College chapel or to go to some church in Cambridge, where there were monitors on duty to put a black mark against absentees. Even those who spent Sunday at their homes were expected to bring to the Faculty at regular intervals certificates attesting their punctual attendance at church. My petition was not granted, for the reason, as the venerable President, James Walker, informed me, that there was no monitor at the Boston Music Hall to note whether I attended or not. There was such a twinkle in President Walker's eye as he said this, that I could not ask him why, since he knew I was of age and had been monitor for two years in keeping guard over the attendance of my classmates at the College chapel, the Faculty could not trust me to mark for myself. The President and I were good friends, and I think my eye twinkled, too, in recognition of a mutual understanding, as I silently accepted the astute decision of the Faculty. But, though not permitted to become a regular attendant on Mr. Parker's preaching until after my graduation in 1854, I did once go to see

him. It was his custom to give frequent receptions at his house to members of his society and to any friends who might wish to come. Introduced by a friend, I ventured to present myself at one of those receptions. And this was the one time I met him personally. His few words of more than cordial greeting—for he was specially fond of meeting young men from Harvard—his smile of welcome, of a kind that could not be counterfeited, the fervor of his handshake, these have stayed with me ever since among my most gracious remembrances. The whole man, again, went into those little acts of hospitality. Of course, in those crowded rooms, with such celebrities as Wendell Phillips and I know not what others present, a shy, bashful student had little to do but to listen to the groups of talkers and to catch as much of the host's speech as possible, as the groups in turn gathered about him. But much as I should have enjoyed those chances for more familiarly seeing and hearing Mr. Parker, this was the only time (to my regret now) that I improved my opportunities in this respect.

With all his greatness, however, Theodore Parker's personality was of simple structure, easily understood. There was little in his character known to intimate friends which was not open to the public and has not now become known to all men interested in his career. There was no faculty for duplicity in him. His virtue was of the heroic order, and was born in his blood. It is a kind of virtue that will admit of no hypocrisy nor of fraudulent imitation, and cannot remain in concealment. Moral belligerence, if I may be allowed the expression, was hereditary in the Parker stock. "The fighting temper" came with the family across the Atlantic. But the cause of the fight must be good, or at least seem so, to enlist their valor. It was not personal aggrandizement which awakened in them the martial spirit, but conscience and the instinct of freedom. The coat of arms of one branch of the family in England bore the motto, *Semper aude*; of another, *Non fluctu nec flatu movetur*. Both of the mottos might have been used most fittingly by our Theodore, and he did sometimes use a seal with the latter inscription. Always daring to follow whither his convictions summoned, neither wind nor wave could move him from the line of duty.

Were I asked to name the qualities of the man more in detail I should say that from boyhood he exhibited a conscience intuitively clear, keen, and imperative in its decisions; a moral courage that was invincible; an intellectual ambition that was boundless; a capacity for acquiring knowledge almost unparalleled; a persistence and energy in action not easily daunted; a love of truth that drew all his faculties like a magnet; a religious sentiment devout and wholesome; affections deep, pure and reverent; a healthful enjoyment of fun and humor which did him good service in the disappointments and battles of life; a sympathy that was as tender and humane as a woman's,—for the founts of tears pressed close behind all these immense moral and mental energies, and were easily started by any tale of woe about another or personal kindness toward himself. With the unfolding of the years and the increase of experience, these qualities developed, on the intellectual side, into rationalistic convictions in theology which were revolutionary, and, on the moral side, into the application of the most uncompromising principles of justice to political doctrines and methods, and into manifold practical philanthropies for the elevation of humanity.

With such qualities of temperament and character, it would have been against nature if Theodore Parker had not become a Reformer. And yet his entrance on the career of Reform was not a matter of temperamental impulse merely or chiefly. In his earlier years, the instincts of the scholar and the learner were uppermost in him. It was truth, rather than the sentiment of

justice or the feeling of humanity, that was the dominant object of his devotion while he was in the Cambridge Divinity School and during the first years of his ministry. Though the moral sentiments were so strong in him and always adequate to hold him firmly in the highest ways of personal rectitude, they did not impel him at once to take the role of the social reformer. He came into the reforms through reason quite as much as through conscience. In religious things he had a regard for traditions and established beliefs and usages which did not immediately give way to the impulse of change. He seems to have had no itching for mere novelties. And when the new views began to come to him he did not, as many have supposed, rush with them into the pulpit or into print, but waited until they had become thoroughly grounded as convictions by study and thought. The seeds of them appear in private letters and in his journal for a considerable period before any fruit from them came to the public.

Emerson's memorable address at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1838 seems first to have awakened the slumbering spirit of the Reformer within him. Then he had been preaching two years. His journal and his studies for the next three years indicate preparation for the coming combat. His field of view enlarges. His sympathies reach out beyond denominational lines. He is an enquirer in odd and outlying fields of religious thinking and action. He tries his hand as a controversialist against Andrews Norton in a spirited Tract under the name of "Levi Blodgett." His contention is for the spiritual foundation of Christianity as against outward evidence. He goes to a convention of "Come-Outers" at Groton, utterly regardless of his respectable Unitarian reputation, and does not hesitate to throw his word into the cauldron of free discussion there. In the same year, with the same spirit, he attends a "Non-resistant Convention" in Boston, and a convention on "the Sabbath, Ministry and Church," a gathering of souls mostly outside of all churches,—the somewhat famous "Chardon Street Convention." But these are mere skirmishings by the way. He is gathering his inward forces for the greater struggle which is approaching. Meantime, his gifts as a preacher are rapidly developing, and he is becoming known as the pulpit leader of the "New School" of Unitarian Theology, or Transcendentalism. His rural meeting-house at West Roxbury becomes a Mecca, to which enthusiastic enquirers and disciples wend their way on Sunday from many miles around.

But it was not till 1841 that the battle cry was sounded which summoned believers into opposing ranks. The sermon of Parker in May of that year, at the ordination of Charles Chauncy Shackford at South Boston, furnished the occasion. This discourse stands toward the Transcendental Conflict in Unitarian history in the same position as that held by Dr. Channing's sermon, at the ordination of Jared Sparks at Baltimore, in respect to the earlier conflict with Calvinistic Congregationalism. It marked the dividing line practically between opposing systems of theology in a religious body which had been of one fellowship. Yet the most conservative Unitarian to-day can read the discourse without any tingling of the blood. Its separation of the Transient from the Permanent elements of Christianity—for that is its topic—has become one of the commonplaces of Unitarian literature. Any ordinary reader of it must wonder how it could ever kindle such a fire. Yet no one can read it without detecting that the electric spark is in it. It is charged with intense conviction and feeling. No such result, however, would have ensued as did follow, if the religious atmosphere around had not been heavily charged also with the opposing currents of thought. Everything was ready for the collision. Parker himself, in his opening para-

graph, sounds a warning of it. His words seem to sniff the coming battle. How different this exordium from that mellifluous paean to Nature with which Emerson opened his Divinity Hall Address, and which hinted not a word of the revolutionary sentiments in it which were to follow. Emerson's was really a profounder revolutionary manifesto in religion than was Parker's; it also ascended to spiritual heights which Parker did not attempt to scale. Emerson's discourse was the oracular outpouring of the seer, the poet, the prophet, of the new dispensation. His speech gives no suggestion of expected antagonism. Parker was the general of the New Views, entrenching his positions with arguments, and summoning his followers to attack the weak points of his opponents. At South Boston we may hear a new phase of the old words with which his grandfather, Captain John Parker, rallied his company of farmers at Lexington against the British red-coats: "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

And there the war within Unitarianism began. Parker did not begin it more than the Lexington farmers began the Revolution. His heart, indeed, shrank from it, and he wept for the personal estrangements which it caused and for the breaking of that professional fellowship which his sympathies craved. But his mind could not yield to the claims made by the Unitarian leaders of the time for setting bounds to Unitarian thinking, nor his conscience consent to pronounce the shibboleths which those "who seemed to be pillars" authorized for the denomination. It was a war for a new religious Independence. Beginning in 1841, it continued through Parker's life and did not end with his death. We need not here rehearse the painful story.

But what was the essential point at issue in this conflict? The South Boston sermon covered the point by implication, but did not state it so clearly and fully as did the "Discourse of Religion," the elaborate book published not long afterwards. The issue was, in brief, the doctrine of natural religion as against the doctrine of supernatural revelation; the adequacy of reason and the human consciousness as a basis for religion, as against a miraculously inspired prophet or book. And this was a mighty step forward. Channing had prepared the way for it, was advancing toward it, but did not finally take it. It is interesting to read, however, side by side, Parker's sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," and Dr. Channing's notable sermon on "The Church," delivered in Philadelphia eleven days afterward, and to note in how many important particulars they ran parallel with each other. But when Parker stepped out of the region of the supernatural and miraculous, left the Bible and the Christ as the necessary authoritative media for all religious truth, and affirmed that human nature is itself in immediate natural contact with Divinity, he stepped into a new religious world. What Luther did in the Protestant Reformation, in abrogating the authority of the Pope and the church for the authority of the Bible, was not so momentous a stride forward as that which Parker took in abrogating the authority of the Bible for the authority of the human consciousness. Whatever, in the light of a more scientific philosophy, may now have to be said in criticism of his opinion that the beliefs in God, Duty and Immortality rest immediately on the intuition of the human mind, this criticism cannot detract from the immense significance of his assertion that the revelation of all truth must come, not by miraculous agencies, but by the immanence of Divine Power in nature and man, and that religion is the natural product of this organic and vital contact. Natural religion as against miraculous religion; rational religion in place of a religion resting on faith irresponsible to reason,—that, in fine, was the essential meaning of the theological reform made by Theodore Parker.

When Mr. Parker had once firmly taken this position, his outlook and interests expanded in all directions. Henceforth religion, for him, held proprietorship over the whole domain of human life. Religion was to be regarded as no exotic imported into human nature, but as the normal unfolding and activity of human nature itself. From this reform in theological ideas there rayed, therefore, as from an organic vital center all social, personal and humanitarian reforms. From this time forward, nothing that concerned the progress and elevation of mankind was alien to his sympathies. He became a power on all the progressive platforms. In the anti-slavery movement he was one of the most stalwart speakers and workers. Temperance, woman suffrage, the amelioration of the laboring class, civil freedom everywhere, anti-capital punishment, the redemption of criminals by better penal legislation,—they all had the benefit of his serious thought and vigorous pen and speech. Before there was a civil service reform he taught its principles. Before social science was heard of he was studying its problems.

Yet this must specially be said of Mr. Parker's relation to reforms; he was the slave of no "cause." He could not be a blind unthinking partisan. On every platform he was an independent, doing his own thinking and forming his own conclusions. His attitude in the anti-slavery struggle was a conspicuous illustration of his position toward reforms in general. Standing with the Garrisonian abolitionists on all the rigorous moral demands made upon the slaveholders and upon the nation, he was yet, unlike them, a voting and a fighting abolitionist,—though not a few among them easily shed their "non-resistance" principles when the fighting began on the other side. In Parker's veins there was too much of the ancestral fire of revolution to permit him to encounter wrong with a merely passive resistance. He everywhere belonged to the church militant. He had no conscientious scruples against sending rifles to the Free State emigrants in Kansas. John Brown made him a confidant and adviser. After marrying William Craft to the wife whom he had bravely brought out of Georgian slavery, he gave to the new made bridegroom not only a Bible, but a sword that he might defend his wife from the slave-hunters who were on her track. He was a constant preacher of the Higher Law, yet was impatient to see the Higher Law in immediate possession of congresses and legislatures, of executive chairs and political methods. So he kept in close touch with the men who were actually in places of political responsibility and influence, and took his share in political duties. Yet the non-political abolitionists had no heartier welcome for any speaker on their platform than for him. The robust conscience of the man made him their natural ally. The blows which he struck at the slave system were felt throughout the land, and no one stopped to ask with what party this valiant foe for freedom marched.

However much may remain to be said, the limitations of this paper require a speedy close; and with brief reference to two or three objections commonly made to Mr. Parker as a reformer, I will give place to others. He is charged with exhibiting a spirit of bitterness toward his opponents, in that he dealt in harsh invectives. Those who make this charge are generally zealous professors of Christianity, who take Jesus for their authoritative teacher and guide. When, therefore, they shall have settled the ethics of Jesus' denunciations of the Scribes and Pharisees, who, if the New Testament is to be credited, complained that he was not always bland in his speech about them, then we may be furnished with an answer to this similar complaint brought against Parker. Again, it is charged that he was a terrible destroyer, an iconoclast among sacred things. But

against what reformer has this charge not been made? It was made with equal truth against Huss and Wycliffe and Luther. It was made against Socrates, and against Jesus and Buddha. Yet what reformer among them all had a tenderer reverence for the true than Parker, or who could say, with better reason, of the full aim and result of his work, "I came not to destroy but to fulfill,"—I remove error only to give truth freer room? Said one of his theological opponents in Boston, "No other Boston minister of his time has done so much for practical righteousness in the city as Theodore Parker has done."

Again, and finally, it is sometimes said that Parker's day is past; that he came to do the work of a special epoch, but has no lasting influence; that his books are not now read, and no new editions of them called for. But there are some men who put themselves into deeds more than into books. Their personality goes into the history of their times, and lives in an improved humanity. Theodore Parker was one of these men. He was the Luther of America and the nineteenth century. He has written himself into the religious and moral history of Christendom. Some of his books, I think, will continue to be read,—perhaps more read years hence than now. But whether so or not matters little on the question of such a man's influence. New editions of his works are appearing yearly in the books of other writers. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his recent article in the *Forum*, repeats the arguments of the "Levi Blodgett" Tract. The New Orthodoxy is advancing toward Parker's position. The average Unitarian is already there. Among theological reformers Parker has the rare felicity, in less than a generation after his death, to have converted the denomination which exiled him. Such a man's power is not easily quenched, whether by persecution, or by debate, or by death.

When the handful of Mr. Parker's friends met in 1845, and "Resolved that Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston," it was another case of firing "a shot heard round the world." The revolving, resounding echoes of that shot have not yet ceased. With his books or without them, Theodore Parker himself will remain in the world, a potent factor in shaping the religion of the next thousand years.

THEODORE PARKER, THE THINKER.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Three years ago, in Florence, we made due pilgrimage to Theodore Parker's grave, and on our way back to our lodgings in the old Capponi palace, where Michel Angelo used to be a frequent visitor, we visited the house where Dante first drew breath, and the Baptistery, his beautiful San Giovanni, where he was baptised six hundred and twenty-five years ago this blessed month of May. There was no violent transition. It was centuries, not hearts, that changed. We were with Parker's spiritual kindred all the time; not least as at a corner of the Palazzo Vecchio, the the bubbling fountain played where Savonarola's body shrivelled in a flame less ardent than his soul. Flowers on his Sunday desk were the first proofs of Parker's infidelity whose citation I remember, and, in part, because he loved them so, we got a big geranium, as ruddy as his heart, and set it on his grave, and two little girls promised, with most unquestionable eyes, that they would tend it well. Doubtless it withered long ago, but still we keep his sacred memory green.

He has been dead so long, longer than the work-time granted him, he died so young, although he did so much, that it seems marvelously strange and pitiful to think if he were with us still he would be younger, by four years, than Hedge, by five than Martineau, by eight than Furness. Oh, that he could have stayed with us! What splendid work he would have done in pushing on the great emancipation, in the

confusion of the reconstruction time, and amidst the vast political injustice and corruption in which either party seems resolved to overtop the other. How impossible it is not to endeavor to imagine what his relation would have been to the questions political, economical, scientific, theological, religious which have been pressing on us since his death! But we shall be more profitably employed in estimating his relation to the questions which were pressing for a solution while he was here, so full of life it seemed that he could never die. I have been asked to speak of him as a thinker. But to do it and not speak of him as a reformer is a difficult matter. For it was as a thinker that he was more conspicuously a reformer than in any other aspect of his life. In the anti-slavery conflict he had great allies. We see him there as one of a glorious company, one with Sumner, Hale, Phillips, Garrison, Chase, Giddings, with many more, and not the tallest of them all. But as a reformer of theological and religious thinking, he was much more alone, and especially in the Unitarian denomination, from which Emerson had practically withdrawn some years before the travail of young Parker's soul began. Nevertheless he was the natural outcome of the Unitarian tradition. The Unitarian principal attained in him its logical conclusion. Parker was indeed a conservative Unitarian; only he was conservative of the principle of Unitarianism as a movement, not of its dogma as a sect. He was "a Channing Unitarian," not in the monstrous sense attaching to this phrase with those who call themselves "Channing Unitarians" while they are false to Channing's dearest principle, and hug, as final, doctrines which he had outgrown before he died; but in the sense of emphasizing what he emphasized,—the divine perfection, the dignity of human nature, the right and duty of absolute freedom of thought upon the highest themes. As a principle, Parker's Unitarianism was not a product of the later development of Unitarianism, but a recurrence to its original idea, if we can safely apply to Channing as an authority upon this head. "Unitarianism," Channing wrote to Martineau, "began as a protest against the rejection of reason, against mental slavery. It pledged itself to progress as its life and end." It was this vision, to which Channing himself was never disobedient, that filled Parker's youthful soul with a divine unrest. It was in obedience to this vision of boundless liberty and boundless progress that he went on and on, not rashly, but with extremest caution, until he found that he had left the average doctrines of the Unitarian fellowship far behind him. Faithfulness to the Unitarian principle had necessitated his departure from the Unitarian dogma more and more. One or the other had to be given up. He and the men who insisted that he was not a Unitarian nor a Christian were equally conservative. But they were conservative of the incidental dogma; he of the essential spirit. He was conservative of that which Channing emphasized; they, of that on which he laid but little and that steadily decreasing stress. Therefore, I say that if we could use words, as we seldom can or do, in their true sense, Theodore Parker was the conservative Unitarian, the Channing Unitarian of fifty years ago.

Oliver Cromwell said, "A man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going"; and what is true of a man is true of every social and religious movement. "The Unitarian Controversy," as we call it, began in 1815, and by 1830 it was pretty well over. The splitting up of parishes had ceased; Unitarianism had its University, its association, its literary organs. Up to this time the movement had a two-fold aspect—a universal and a special side. Upon the former it was a principle of rational freedom, free rationality. Upon the other it was a doctrine, maintaining that Christianity was a special, supernatural revelation of which Jesus was the supernatural, personal centre, and

the Bible the supernatural literary record. For a time the harmony between the Unitarian principle and the Unitarian doctrine was supposed to be complete. Channing, whose conscious allegiance to the principle of free inquiry was simply perfect, lived and died in the faith that this principle was thoroughly consistent with his apprehension of Jesus as a supernatural person and the Bible as a supernatural book. This faith of his was the faith of the majority, well nigh the faith of all, at the termination of the Unitarian controversy in 1830, and even further on. In the freest use of reason, said the Unitarians, we arrive at the conclusion that Christianity is a supernatural religion, that Jesus was a supernatural person, that the Bible is a supernatural book. The teachings of this religion, of this person, of this book, we find to be entirely reasonable. The assurance with which this position was held is probable accountable for much of the vigor and boldness with which the right of free inquiry was insisted on by many early Unitarians. If they had had the least suspicion that free inquiry might some day invalidate the supernatural record and impugn the supernatural person, they would not have been so bold. They were not all as bold as Channing, who said, "The truth is, and it ought not to be disguised, that our ultimate reliance is and must be upon reason." And again, "If after a deliberate and impartial use of our best faculties a professed revelation seems to us plainly to disagree with itself, or to clash with great principles that we cannot question, we ought not to hesitate to withhold from it our belief. I am sure that my rational nature is from God, and that any book is the expression of his will." I cannot doubt that Channing would have said these things as unreservedly if he had foreseen that the supernatural revelation would be invalidated as such by the free exercise of reason on its claims. But he did not foresee this. He said these things in serene confidence that the supernatural character of Christianity, Jesus, and the Bible could be established upon rational grounds.

But this good man, as great as he was good, had still some years to live when signs began to multiply that either the Unitarian doctrine of Christianity, Jesus, and the Bible would have to be given up, or else the original and central Unitarian principle of free inquiry. One of these signs was Mr. Emerson's withdrawal from his Boston pastorate, not from the ministry as we commonly hear, because he could not administer the Lord's Supper, a reason wholly insufficient in Channing's luminous eyes. Another sign was Emerson's Divinity School Address in 1838. No wonder Theodore Parker, who heard it and walked home to Roxbury afterward full of unspeakable thoughts, wrote in his journal the next day, "My soul is roused, and this week I shall write the long-meditated sermons on the state of the Church and the duty of these times." Alas! that the pleasant village meeting-house in which he gave them wing has lately perished from the earth! But the soul of Andrews Norton, who had been one of the most progressive of the earlier Unitarians and remained one of their keenest critics, was roused in quite another fashion—to denounce Mr. Emerson's ideas as "the latest form of infidelity;" and next the soul of George Ripley, then a Boston clergyman, was roused to controvert the positions of Mr. Norton in an able, if not perfectly conclusive, way. What stirred the wrath of Norton was Emerson's disparagement of the miraculous character of Christianity. He insisted that no man was a Christian who did not believe that the authority of Jesus to speak in God's name was "attested in the only way it could be, by miraculous displays of his power." Meantime, the criticism of the Bible was becoming freer every day. My honored teacher, Dr. Noyes, barely escaped a civil prosecution for arguing that the Old Testament prophecies applied to Jesus had properly no such application. Strauss's "Life of

Jesus" appeared, and Parker reviewed it in the *Christian Examiner* with cautious sympathy. The first half of the decade, from 1830 to 1840, had been dull and tame. The second half witnessed a remarkable ferment of thought. Ripley with his Brook Farm experiment just on before, busied himself with translating German books full of the new wine of transcendental thought. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was a co-operant and inspiring book. There was a Transcendental Club in which Emerson and Alcott and Francis were leading spirits, and which valued Dr. Hedge so highly that it used to hold its meetings when it could catch him on a Boston visit from his Bangor parish, where in his big-brained congregation he had simultaneously four candidates for governor of the State. Truly an embarrassment of riches. The Unitarian principle and the Unitarian dogma came into sharper conflict every day. Parker wrote, in 1839, "It is evident that there are now two parties among Unitarians: one is for progress; the other says, 'Our strength is to stand still.' Dr. Channing is the real head of the first party; the other party has no head." Yet, in one sense, it had both head and heart. Able and earnest men were in this party as well as in the other; some of the least earnest, as proved by the event, were in the progressive party. On the day of trial it was often those who differed most from Parker who treated him most kindly.

This was the state of things in 1841. Is it not evident that the one thing needful was a voice crying in this wilderness of conflicting principle and doctrine, "Choose you this day which you will serve," the principle of religious liberty without any qualification, or the special doctrine which this principle has already undermined? It is, and great as was the need, it was not greater than the man who answered it with his courageous, "Here am I." This man was Theodore Parker.

His birth and training were a proper and sufficient preparation for the function which was ultimately his. A man to do his work needed for his grandfather Capt. John Parker, of Lexington, who said on the eventful April morning, "Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here;" needed a father not inclined to any form of superstition, whose workshop was the old belfry that rocked on the 19th of April with the summons of the farmer folk to battle. Doubt not the growing boy, working or playing in that belfry shop, heard echoes of that nation-making bell. Nor less the man that Parker had to be needed his mother's tenderness, her upward look, her bed-time admonitions bidding him always heed the still small voice that saved the turtle in the pond. Everything the boy most needed for the man the world most needed was at hand. The simple homely life in wood and field, stocking his memory with a thousand apt and homely illustrations, making the woods and fields forever dear; the rude task-work that knit his frame together for the strain it had to bear; the education won with difficulty, and on this account more nobly prized; the minister at Watertown—the dear old Dr. Francis of my divinity school days—with the stock of all the newest books for the voracious reader, trudging with armfuls back and forth between the Watertown parsonage and Divinity Hall; the quiet settlement at West Roxbury with its abundant opportunity for reading, study, self-comprehension and self-mastery; the happy marriage, setting all the wear and tear and trouble of his life in a great, restful calm; the voice of Emerson, bidding him be 'himself a new-born bard of the Holy Ghost' and 'worship God without mediator or veil.' Of course all of these helps and ten times over would have been wasted on a nature void of all assimilative power. There had to be the nature to begin with, the capacious understanding, the big loving heart, the quick conscience, the genius for religion almost if

not quite without a parallel in modern times. Rich was the soil; bountiful the sowing; wise the fostering care; auspicious sunshine and sweet rain, and strengthening storm, to thicken root and stalk. No wonder that the harvest has not yet been measured, much less consumed, though it has fed so many hungry souls.

The story of his battle for the Unitarian principle has been already told, and in this instance, the clay has surely not reproached the Potter, saying "Why hast thou made me thus?" for shapelier it could not have been made. My portion is the armory of thought from which he drew out the weapons, not only for this battle, but for the marching battle of his life with superstition and unspiritual religion. It was an armory enriched by many different languages (of eight or ten he had an easy mastery), and by a multitude of books. Men said that he "did not believe the Bible," but he had it in about a hundred different editions on his shelves and knew their separate worth. He did not have a library of books, he had an inundation, twelve thousand of them overflowing every room in the whole house, and of the word of God unbound a marvellous store. His learning was immense and he carried it as easily as he did his satchel to the village school. It was not perhaps as nice as it was multifarious. Yet for all his headlong haste, his slips were few considering the distance that he made, sometimes on dark and frozen ways. But what is most precious in the wealth of Parker's reading and his learning was that they did not overmaster him. He was not subdued to what he worked in, like the dyer's hand. Nothing is more significant of the man's original force and genius than his absorption and assimilation of his incalculable knowledge into his individuality. Reading everything, his thought and style were as fresh and simple as if his walk and conversation had been wholly with nature and with men; less bookish than the thought and style of men who read no books; never scholastic though he knew the schoolmen well; humanizing everything he touched; smacking of homely sights and sounds, and the sweet habitudes of daily life, much more than of the technicalities of philosophy and science.

The temptation which, resisted by him, measured Theodore Parker's moral greatness was the temptation to be a student and a scholar. In 1845, his last year in West Roxbury, he was preparing a work on the Protestant Reformation, its causes and consequences, after which he meant to write a history of religious thoughts from the reformation down, and a New Testament introduction. But a larger scheme pushed all of these aside: A world-wide history of the development of religious thought. From beginning to end it was blocked out with scrupulous care, and a few hundred pages were written when the exigencies of the anti-slavery conflict tore the scholar from his desk. Upon freedom's altar, without any miserable self-pity or complaint, he laid the dream of many toilsome years, the scholarly ambition of his life. But already in 1845 he had done one piece of scholar's work of great importance, second to none in its significance for critical thinking in America while he lived—his translation of DeWette's Introduction to the Old Testament. This was the fruit of seven years' patience, the translation adding to the original a great deal of useful matter. It made the first great breach in the Mosaic Pentateuch, assigning Deuteronomy to the seventh century B. C. and offering many other critical judgments which have since been confirmed. It was never Parker's way to be the henchman of any special theorist. His admiration of DeWette did not prevent his interest in Ewald's fresh advance, and it is easy to imagine how gladly he would have attended to the broad common sense of Reuss and Kuenen in their magnificent discovery of the true

relation of the Pentateuch to the Hebrew history and of its parts to one another. To his New Testament studies went the same incapability of self-surrender to any single theory, whether that of Strauss, or Baur, or Paulus, that would fain manage all the facts. Open to all, he was subservient to none. Of things critically established at the present time no scholar in America anticipated so many, or did more to give them currency in the general mind.

Turning from criticism to philosophy we find that his psychology of human nature was a hierarchy in which the senses were at the bottom, the understanding next, the conscience next, the affections next, then the religious faculty as the top and crown of all: a mechanical arrangement, as if reminiscent of his early carpentry, but for the preacher a serviceable device, as that of the phrenologist with its mental pigeon-holes was for Beecher his life long. Parker's hierarchy seemed to deny all mental unity, but he knew well enough that it was the same mind that thought and loved and worshipped and decided between right and wrong. He was too apt to say "faculty" when function would have been the better term. There is no religious faculty in man. There is a religious function of his mind in which rational and emotional powers are indissolubly blended as in the function of conscience. Parker's hierarchy of human nature shows the concreteness of his mind. His genius was not metaphysical though he imagined that it was. A man's best power is seldom that on which he sets the greatest store. Did not Shakespeare prize his poems while indifferent to his glorious plays? There was never a more English mind than Theodore Parker's, and because it was English it was not metaphysical. A capacious understanding was his most characteristic intellectual gift. Theoretically he set the affections above conscience. The fact that he was a born lover found expression here. Few men have ever had such genius for affection as he had; such delight in loving and in being loved. But, if he had genius for affection, he had a higher genius for morality. In him the conscience was supreme. He set the religious faculty above both conscience and affection. But great as was his religious genius—his genius for adoration and for trust—this also was subordinate to his conscience, to his zeal for rightness. The moral sentiment in Channing was not more supreme. And this criticism of his life upon his theory was a valid criticism. The topmost peak of human nature is the moral sentiment.

To know anything about Parker is to know that he was a devotee of the subjective or transcendental method in philosophy and held the objective or scientific method in comparative disrespect. But his transcendentalism was his own, and his own concreteness, his own objectivity, colored it with his own ruddy hue. The transcendental label does not exhaust the nature of the man. It was too rich and full. His transcendentalism was a needful protest against the materialism and sensationalism of his time. Its provisional importance leaves all that was best in him, all that was most characteristic of his genius, unimpaired. The ease, if not the inevitableness, with which Parker lapsed from the deductive method of metaphysics into the inductive method of science marked the natural bent of his genius. He was a transcendentalist by accident and conscious resolution. He was an experientialist from instinct and unconscious preference in all his larger mental operations. His passion for facts, his stomach for statistics, is convincing of the truth of this distinction. It is impossible to read his letters and his sermons, or even his prayers, without feeling that science not philosophy was the haunt and the main region of his song. And his interest in science steadily increased. Its evolutionary tendencies had for him no terrors. That famous

book "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," which heralded the approach of Darwin, found in him an eager listener. His rejection of Agassiz's special creationism was an acceptance in advance of Darwin's Natural Selection. The dogmatic materialism of science—straining beyond its sphere—and of sensational philosophy, was what he could not abide, and the progress of both science and philosophy since his death has responded to his predilection. His transcendentalism was exotic. His experientialism was native to the soil. This is a personal impression of long standing, but fresh reading of him has deepened it. If Parker could have stayed with us he might not have surrendered his transcendentalism to the demands of a proud, relentless scientific method, splendidly generalised, sweeping triumphantly across the field. Why should he have done so any more than Johnson, Martineau and Hedge? But it is certain that not a few have done so, to whom "the high *priori* road" was just as pleasant as it was to Parker's soul, and that, too, without any loss of spirituality, without any loss of faith or hope. It is also certain that if Parker had lived only a few years longer he would have found that transcendentalism was no security for the loftiest moral view, that experientialism was no proof against it. He would have found Carlyle and Martineau wholly unable to appreciate the merits of our anti-slavery struggle, while Mill and Spencer and Darwin were with us heart and soul. He would have found his outpost of "the rolling forties," the fortress of conservative theology thirty years after. He would have found the new experientialism a very different matter from the sensationalism which he saw "like lightning fall from heaven?" He would have found that his transcendentalism had forced sensationalism back on its reserves of race-experience; by this accounting for all necessary truths, necessary because experience cannot be transcended and experience has always found them thus and so. Whether or not this rendering would have given him all he craved of divine origin and absolute authority for necessary truths, I do not know. I think he would have been a transcendentalist till now, but that he would have taken up into his transcendentalism more and more of scientific method and result as time went on. And I do not merely think, I *know* that he would have kept an open mind for every new expression of man's philosophic life, and that no earnest thought however negative or hostile to his, own would have cut one honest thinker off from his fraternal fellowship.

There are those who credit Parker's transcendentalism with the paternity of his religious genius. They affirm that his faith in God and immortality and the moral law was so rich and full and warm, because of his transcendental *rationale* of this faith. And so again they think, as he did, that his transcendentalism was the measure of his public influence. But I cannot agree with them or him. Theodore Parker's transcendentalism was not the cause, it was the explanation, the theory, of his religious life. Deep in his heart he found a great trust in the perfect God, perfect in power, in wisdom, and in love; a great faith in immortality, a great conviction of the infinite and eternal difference between right and wrong. Such was his spiritual democracy that he attributed his trust, his faith, and his conviction to all mankind and, seeking for an interpretation, found it in the transcendental doctrine of intuition, as by him interpreted. They were given in consciousness. But without this explanation, the trust, the faith, the ethical passion would have been the same. The personal equation in his thinking was immense. His theology was a reflection of his personal character. Out of his own justice and tenderness he fashioned the justice and tenderness of God. Out of his own abundance and immensity of life he predicated the immortality of the soul. He had in him

such sense of power and use, how could he think that he should ever die? And as his philosophic theory was not the cause of his religious genius, so was it not the means of his religious influence. In him was life and *the life was the light of men*. Not his theory of the life that was in him, but the life itself. It was this which men felt pulsing through his sermons, thrilling through his prayers. It made alive the reiterations which to us are sometimes wearisome. It would have made yet more alive a scientific philosophy of the universe if in the strength of his young manhood that had been presented to him as the philosophy of men breaking away from the traditions of the past into the freedom of a boundless hope. It is not any philosophy or science that has been or will ever be the power of God unto salvation. It is the poetical and religious interpretation of philosophy or science. What is more barren than a scientific philosophy as ground out by many in our time? What is more fruitful, more inspiring than the same philosophy, poetically and religiously, interpreted by Fiske and Potter and Simmons and Gannett and Powell and Abbot! How Abbot's pages soar and sing! Oh, if but here and now we could have that other Theodore Parker to interpret for us the philosophy of science, bringing to it the freshness, the simplicity, the homeliness, the beauty, the poetry, the religiousness, the life, that Theodore Parker brought to the philosophy of Kant and Fichte and Schelling, believe me, he would make our hearts leap up far more than theirs who heard the Corybantic mysteries of old. We need some charmer who shall do that thing for us. Far off his coming shines. But some of us, it may be, shall not taste of death ere we have seen his face.

Had the assumptions of supernaturalism only offended Parker's sense of rational congruity, he never would have been the sturdy protestant he was. What made his antagonism so passionate was his persuasion that an absentee God, a God last heard from some 2,000 years ago, a God manifested, not in the order of the world, but in its occasional disorder, a "Prince of Misrule," was not the God to stir men's hearts to rapture and thanksgiving. God here and now as much as he was ever anywhere was Parker's central affirmation. Reason and revelation, said the Unitarians; some of them making reason, some of them revelation the court of final appeal. But this dualism was an offence to Parker. It impeached the divine method: as if the world were not so full of God that not another particle of him could be intruded. Then too this dualism impeached the religious nature of man: as if eating, or drinking, or drawing quiet breath, were more natural than "the soul's normal delight in the infinite God." As if anything could be more natural than a great soul, such as Jesus was, full of trust and love! As if the glorious Bible were not just the book we should expect from out a glorious humanity's God-given and home-yearning heart!

I trust he knows, I think he must, what marvellous changes there have been, both in theology and religion, since he finished the work that was given him to do. His friend Joseph Henry Allen says that there is not a single Unitarian who now believes those things, for not believing which in 1841 Parker was driven into banishment by his Unitarian brethren; and the Unitarian Association sends forth the volume that contains this testimony with its name and seal upon the title page. The Association publishes his sermons and the story of his life and hangs his portrait in its hall of heroes, saints and martyrs of the Unitarian faith. But these are signs that pale compared with others that might be easily named: the assimilation by Episcopalians and Congregationalists and Presbyterians and Baptists of critical results more radical than any Parker published to an unbelieving world. Many have entered into his labors, but

none has wrought so mightily as he. God grant that, while we build his sepulchre, his prophetic spirit may not be absent from our hearts. Better to side with those who cast him out than, while condemning them, to meet the issues of the living present in their spirit of exclusion and distrust!

"Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead;
To know them still alive;
But sweeter if we earn their bread
And in us they survive."

THEODORE PARKER AS PASTOR. EDNAH D. CHENEY.

Among the few poems that Theodore Parker wrote, and which will live as long as his name is held dear, is the one beginning:

"O thou great friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!"

These words all unconsciously to himself, expressed Theodore Parker's own life and character, and the spirit in which he entered upon the work which he had chosen from his boyhood. He was indeed a friend, strong, helpful, wise, sympathetic, and he felt it to be his work to serve mankind. "I feel as if born for a pulpit, if for anything," he said. He always held this as his chosen office; he was "a shepherd caring for the sheep, and seeking them which had gone astray."

That humanity should be helped, lifted up to faith, life, hope and joy, was the great desire of his life, and if he was severe or satirical against any man or institution, it was because they seemed to him to stand in the way of the life and growth of mankind.

The office was a great one to him. He says: "One of the greatest advantages of a clergyman's life is this; he has all his time devoted to the development and use of his noblest faculties." He says of ministers, "They have a most noble chance for a manly development if they will, and do not herd too much with one another. Even cabbages and lettuces do not herd well, if they touch." His office, which he proudly accepted, was to minister unto others. When he first received the echo of his words in foreign tongue, he wrote in his diary: "Is it possible that I am to be henceforth a power in the world to move men? a name which shall kindle men to goodness and piety, a name of power?"

He had great intellectual ambition and thirst for knowledge for its own sake. No man is born with brains in New England without that. He loved books and study and converse with noble minds, and research into Nature's secrets, and every form of mental activity. You could put him in no position where his eager mind would not find nourishment. His range of thought was wide and various. Although the Scientific Association refused to receive him, he was the chosen companion of Dessors and Russell, who delighted in his sympathy in their pursuits, and although he knew nothing of the technique of Art, it was his recreation to breathe its spirit. When I borrowed a certain German book on Art, he said: "Keep the other books as long as you like, but I have this in my hand oftener than any book in my library."

But great as his intellectual acquisitions were, all were made available for the purpose of instructing and helping the good, and defeating the evil in humanity. He once told me a story, which I think indicates what his own ideal of a minister was. He came to a small manufacturing town in Connecticut, to give a couple of lectures. The morning after the first lecture an employé of the mill said to one of the owners, "I thought your Mr. Parker was a great gun, why I understood every word that he said!" When I told Mr. Parker he had disappointed the people, he looked sober until I explained how, and then his countenance cleared up, and among other things he told this story. A celebrated scholar, known all over Europe for his learning, was the pastor of a little country parish

in England. A young German student came to England for the express purpose of visiting him, and benefitting by his rich store of learning. As he approached the little village, he had the curiosity to ask some rustics what manner of man their pastor was. The response was hearty. "Och, he's a good mon, a good mon, but no Latiner, no Latiner!" "The student then told them what a great man their pastor was, and how far he had come to visit him, and they began to realize that they did not know his learning, because for them it had become wisdom.

As all Mr. Parker's harvest from thought and study was ground into bread to feed those who were hungry, so it was wonderful how many little rills gradually trickled into his stream to turn the mill. The politician let him into the secrets of public affairs, the policeman told him his experience of city life, the quiet woman in her study of history noted for him every fact or anecdote which bore upon the subject on which he was laboring, and the scientist brought him the newest facts or theories of nature which glowed with spiritual light in his setting. The young girls gathered for him the earliest and the latest flowers. His favorite doctrine of the immanence of God filled "with thoughts too deep for tears, the meanest flower that blows." A good woman not yet quite in harmony with him came out of church one day indignantly exclaiming, "Well, I never knew before that toads was prophets and grass was revelations."

He said "I never found any truth too deep, any thought too high to give to a popular audience." He had no esoteric doctrine, because with him every thought was so warmed with love, and fused into life, that he did not give to the people a hard mineral unfit for food, but he had carried it through all the processes of organic life, and, like the mother bird fed it from his own lips to his flock. His relation to his people was that of a good receiver and hence of a good giver. You could carry him no thought so crude, no aspiration so feeble, no doubt so clumsily stated, but he would distil it in the powerful alembic of his living soul into "solid and sweet wisdom" which strengthened and helped. This was specially true of his conversational classes where he helped the most timid to express themselves, and recognized true feeling however absurdly manifested. One woman probably a little crazed, one day asked him to explain the feeling which bound one heart to another in spite of every wrong. Mr. Parker declined to analyze it. "But you believe in it don't you?" said the poor woman. "Certainly I do!" he replied in a deep tone, which I can hear even now, and which went to the heart of his questioner, and checked any tendency of the young audience to laugh. We learned afterward that she was the patient loyal victim of a drunken husband.

He speaks in a letter from Europe of the congregation that "helped his soul, while they listened to his words."

He thoroughly believed in his mission. "I believe in preaching and I believe in my preaching," he said. He was careful of every practical detail that would make it effective. He says "I do not believe a tenth part of the folks at the Melodeon agree with me in theology, but they agree with me in religion, and in the application of that to life."

The first day that he spoke in Music Hall, he asked a friend to sit in the farthest gallery and to make him a sign if he were not heard, and his voice, although not apparently powerful, had that penetrating quality that it did not fail to reach the farthest hearer. He asks criticisms of his sermons and suggests his defects, but says his principle is of saying "the best things I have in the plainest way I can." He recognized his redundancy in the use of figures and esteems it a fault. In his sermons he strove always to express his thoughts by familiar images. He preferred Co-

hasset Rocks to Gibraltar and says: "If I were to speak of birds in a sermon I should not mention the nightingale and the sky lark, but the brown thrasher and the blackbird." As he entered the hall and walked across the platform there was a quiet solemnity in his step which impressed you with the modesty of the man, and the magnitude of his work. He sat and looked with compassion upon the multitude, and from their faces he gathered up the sorrows and needs of their hearts, and blending them with his own feelings he laid them out before the great eternal spirit of love and strength. He believed in prayer as the conscious entrance of the soul into relation with the Universal Spirit, and his prayers, preserved for us by the loving care of two of his parishioners, are still cherished as strong wings to bear up the soul, to heights it cannot reach unaided. I remember the deep contrition which once stole into his utterance. I knew no facts, but I was sure that some impatience with a friend or hasty anger had burdened his soul with a sense of wrong, and that it was for strength and relief that he brought it into the holy sympathy of his church. More often the parishioners felt that their own sorrow filled his heart, and prompted his words. But it was the voice of thanksgiving that came most readily to his lips. Like his gifted successor he could say: "And aye to thanks returns my thought."

So helpful to his flock were his weekly ministrations that they felt they could not afford to lose one of them. "I knew," said an aged saint to me the other day, "that whatever the week brought, I could bear it, if I had felt his strengthening power on Sunday." A common charge brought against liberal religion is, that it cannot fitly deal with the sinner, or recognize his needs and give him relief in his distress. Mr. Parker was indeed like the wise physician who thinks more of health than of disease, and is rather anxious to rouse his patients' vital energies than to fasten his thoughts on his maladies, but like that same wise physician, he did not deny the existence of evils, and sought their remedy. He more often preached on definite wrongs, than he dwelt on the abstract nature of sin, but one day he did speak of it, and showed how the infinite goodness had provided abundant possibility of redemption for all who earnestly sought it, how every soul might return to goodness and happiness. The listening congregation was startled by a voice from the gallery, and the earnest face of a man bent towards him, while all unconscious of the crowd around him he cried "I know it is so, I feel it is so."

One class of his parishioners needed and received his peculiar care. One Sunday morning, in February, 1851, he startled his audience by saying, "When I came to you I expected that we might have hard trials to bear together, but I never supposed that I should have to read such a note as this from one of my parishioners. 'Shadrach, a fugitive in peril of his liberty, asks your prayers that he may be released from bondage,' but, said Mr. Parker, 'thank God, he does not need our prayers; he has escaped, and is far on his way to freedom.' A hush as of death had been on the vast assembly, for we all knew of the arrest of the poor fugitive, but when his escape was thus announced, for a moment it seemed impossible to bear the reaction of feeling, then it broke forth in one glorious burst of applause, which mingled harmoniously with the song of the redeeming angels.

So far as I remember this was the first instance of applause in Mr. Parker's congregation. As a rule he did not like it, and once asked the people to refrain from it, saying, "It is contrary to the decorum of the New England churches, and I can read your feelings in your faces without this demonstration." But in the exciting times that followed, it was impossible to restrain it, and it was soon not an unfamiliar thing in the churches of Henry Ward

Beecher and others who treated of the topics that stirred men's souls. He says in his journal, "A pretty state of things, that I am liable to be fined \$1,000 and gaoled for six months for sheltering one of my own parishioners who has violated no law of God, and only took possession of herself." This was the famous case of William and Ellen Crafts, whom he hid in his house for days, while the vigilance committee took measures to secure the departure of the slave hunters from the city. Before the fugitives sailed for England Mr. Parker married them in legal form. A Bible and a sword laying on the table, he put them into William's hands, telling him to use the one to save their souls, and to employ the other, if necessary, to defend the life and honor of his wife. This act caused a great deal of excitement among those tender consciences, which could bear all the wrongs done to the slave, but became extremely non-resistant if despair roused him to self-defence.

Time would fail me to tell all the tender memories that dwell in the hearts of his parish. He used to say that the parochial relation taxed him more heavily than all his work, and that the more closely he held it, the more he was convinced it was work for a Genius. A genius for goodness or religion was a favorite expression of his. He was always on his guard against allowing the intellect to preponderate over the more spiritual faculties. His personal ministrations to his flock were tender and unceasing. He devoted the afternoons to visiting them, and readily answered calls which carried him twenty miles and more from the city. Nor was his parochial work confined to those who attended his preaching weekly. It extended all over the land. Young men came or wrote to him to ask counsel in their difficulties, young women, even members of differing churches, felt that he could help them when no one else did, and sorrowing hearts turned to him for comfort. He received one day a letter from Indiana. It began "Dear Friend" and the writer a Quaker, proceeded to tell him how much he had enjoyed his books, and what help he had received from them. This sheet was broken off abruptly, and the next page began "Dear Theodore, we are just returned from the funeral of our child, and our hearts turn first to thee for sympathy and help." How well I remember his moistening eye, as he told me of this; and some forty years after I found myself in Indiana among those very people who had felt him so near in the day of trouble and who had not forgotten him. How tenderly Mr. Parker loved his people appears in all his letters and diaries. Sept. 25, 1859, he writes in Rome: "Sunday is always rather a sober day with me, for I think of those few sheep in the wilderness of Boston, who are probably getting scattered because they have no shepherd. I feel much like the mother, whom the German legends tell of, that died in childhood, and for nine weeks every night left her grave and came to the cradle side of the baby and wept. . . . I leave my grave and weep at the hour of Sunday service of the twenty-eighth. Yet I shall see them no more. The presage of the New Year's sermon turns out correct: It is the last time, O Parkie!"

Mr. Parker had great joy in his ministry. He often speaks of what he had received from it, and says "nothing surprises me so much as to find how many people love me." He says in 1851 "I have unspeakably more delight in religion, more consolation in any personal grief, more satisfaction in looking on the present or for the future than ever before." This is important testimony. Many persons speak of the religion of progressive thinkers, as if they had lost something, and mourned for a "Faith had left them less forlorn." Mrs. Ward in her brilliant picture of Robert Ellsmere, paints rather his struggles in leaving the old church, than his joy in the dawn

of the new day. A late sermon by the clergyman whom she represents as Mr. Gray, gives the same impression. I could not help feeling on reading that book, "Oh! if they had only really known Theodore Parker."

"The true liberal, who has drawn his circle not from his own prejudices, but from the true centre, and large enough to include the 'fair humanities of all religions,' has rich and full delight in his large scope and broad sympathy with humanity. Mr. Parker felt this joyfully, and drank freely of this new wine of life. Sadness indeed he felt, in parting from old friends who turned from him because of his new faith, and tender regret in giving up old forms and places which had become dear to him; but his sadness was that of the bride whose eyes brim with tears as she leaves father and mother and the old home, but whose heart is full of trust and overflowing joy in the new life opening before her.

It has become a common idea that Theodore Parker was harsh and iconoclastic, longing to destroy the old rather than build up the new. Nothing could be more untrue. He was naturally tender and conservative, cherishing the very forms and ruins of the past. It was the dust that had gathered over the shrines of Truth that he swept away, the veils which hid the Divine image that he rent asunder. It was a pain to him to throw away the flowers he had cherished, when they were faded, and he hated to give up the services that were connected with sacred thoughts. In his youth he was enamoured of the mystics, and loved the poetry of George Herbert. Yet as severe with himself as with others, he would not allow his sentiments to interfere with others freedom. When his great popularity crowded music hall, people often went early to secure seats, and they brought with them books or papers to read while waiting. This practice annoyed some persons accustomed to the solemn quiet of the old churches, and they wished Mr. Parker to ask his hearers to abstain from the practice. He replied "I do not like it, it grates upon my nerves, but it is not meant to be disrespectful, and when I remember how precious a half hour of reading was to me when I was young, I cannot feel it right to ask any one to give it up to spare my feelings."

At this time when his opponent branded him as an infidel, and prayed fierce prayers against him, a note brought to him in the hall, addressed the preacher of the "Infidel congregation." The writer stated her difficulties, and said that after seeking help in vain from the various benevolent societies, which had each their limitations she had heard that "the infidels helped everybody," and she thought she would try them. Mr. Parker went to see her, and found it one of those exceptional cases, where a train of circumstances had put her in a position of absolute need. She honestly supposed him to be the leader of a professedly infidel society. He said, "Others call us Infidels, but we try to be Christians." He gave her counsel and help, and left her with fresh hope and courage. Week after week he carried the flowers from his desk to a paralytic confined to her chair, read her his sermon, or on a quiet Sunday helped her husband (His St. John) to wheel her chair round to his house. In the midst of the most exciting slave cases he went every day himself to ask after a sick girl. He was the patient confidant and helper of Abby Folsom, "that flea of conventions," when her landlord, whose patience was exhausted, as much by her temper, as by her non-payment, put her goods on the sidewalk; and he listened patiently to complaints of every nature. Satan himself could hardly have devised a cunninger plan to try a good man's patience, than this woman. She seated herself directly in front of Mr. Parker every Sunday, and his sensitive nerves trembled lest she should speak. Her gratitude and respect at last kept

her from interrupting his sermon, and then he could call the organ to his aid and drown her voice. He reconciled families who were separated, and he took a deep interest in the loves and perplexities of the young. He was very fond of children, and it was a great trial that he had none of his own, but he kept a box of playthings for his friends' children and had no difficulty in winning their hearts.

Mr. Parker loved the sacraments of the church when they were genuine and not formal. He formed a plan for a celebration of the Lord's Supper in accordance with his own views, but he found that his parish did not care to observe it, and he thought it better to omit it. He said that the Unitarian dinner of Anniversary week in Boston, came nearer to his idea of the true original significance of that service than anything existing. His administration of the rite of marriage was tender and earnest. He had the deepest reverence for the marriage relation, and rejoiced greatly in a union which seemed fitting and harmonious. Having once refused to take a fee for performing this service for two friends, he said, "I could not take money for doing one of the happiest acts of my life." To a young friend about to be married, who asked for rings and flowers, he said, "I shall first make a little address of a few words. This part will apply to the special character of the persons, and here the flowers may show their fragrant beauty. Then will come the words of the marriage union, and the rings will appear. Finally, I shall make a brief prayer, I hope suited to the feelings of the parties." He commonly exhorted the young couple that it would take the whole of life to marry them. Sometimes he had a less pleasant duty, when he said he felt like concluding with the benediction, "And now may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

In funeral services he was especially helpful. His strong faith and infinite hope held up the hearts of those bowed down by grief. He made this life seem only more important and precious, from its nearness to eternity. "The Fatherhood of God, the Immortality of the soul," were truths sufficient for him, in the immediate shadow of Death, and he brought them home to his hearers' hearts with a fullness of conviction which overcame the horrors of the grave. A German who had been driven from all helpful religious faith by pressure of bigoted theology, lost young bride. After the funeral service, he said, "Mr. Parker did not speak as if he believed, but as if he knew."

A well beloved physician in Boston, a period of mental aberration threw himself from the window, and was crushed on the pavement. The horror of the scene was intense. At the funeral Mr. Parker dwelt on his beautiful life, and then said: "As he grew older the bodily frame was weaker, the brain tottered, and He became became immortal," and like a mist all the horror vanished, and it seemed as if the soul had spread its wings, and passed on its heavenly way. Another time a young lad had died, whose brain had been so clouded that his short life had seemed valueless to himself and all others. What could be said? Mr. Parker seemed to lift the burden off the poor boy's mind. He spoke of his life, of the little joys that he had cherished, and chief that he lived in the sunshine of his mother's love; and then pictured how, ripened in that sunshine, now the shell was burst and all his little delights were expanded into the freedom and joy of the heavenly life. I have heard words of tenderness and faith from others, but I have never felt such victory over death from any other man's lips.

It has often been supposed that the tie among Mr. Parker's parishioners was a very loose one, consisting only in personal affection for him, and it was predicted that as soon as he passed away, it would fall asunder like a rope of sand. But through the trying

times that followed his death, they still held together, and Music Hall echoed to noble words every Sunday morning that would have rejoiced his heart. The crowded assembly that listened to him was indeed largely composed of strangers, who came to hear the celebrated preacher, and who however they contributed to the spread of his ideas, bore no other part in the interests of the society; but there was also a body of men and women bound closely together, not only by attachment to their minister, but by a similarity of thought and feeling.

The tie among "old Parkerites" still remains strong thirty years after his death, and it is as one of the few surviving members of that band, that I felt as if I must come to you, brethren of the great West, in which he was so deeply interested, and try to give you some faint idea of the tie that bound us together. The Liberal church has been reproached with having no forms and ceremonies. As it flowers out into fuller life, it finds its forms in beautiful expressions, without needing to go back to Greek rites or Latin or English litanies. This has been clearly shown in the simple impressive services with which we have bidden farewell to those of our number who have passed away.

I have dwelt more upon the tender and spiritual side of Mr. Parker's ministry, but it was a sweetness coming out of strength. I need not recall to you how he could thunder against wrong in high places; how he could wither with scorn the hypocrites and traitors to humanity, nor with what steadfastness he stood by the most unpopular reforms. He invited women to his pulpit and boldly advocated Woman Suffrage. After Antoinette Brown spoke for him he said: "Really we must have an association of ministers that will license maidens as well as men to preach." All this was a part of his duty to his people, he could not guide and help them if he shrank from the great battlefields of life. But one of his sweetest passages of tenderness, was in his tremendous sermon after the rendition of Burns, when he arraigned Commissioner Loring for his part in the crime. He spoke of him as he had been as Judge of Probate, and said: "We thought of him as one with whom the interests of widows and orphans would be safe."

Were all his public work forgotten in the triumph of every noble cause for which he fought, he would still be the ideal of the religious minister, the pastor of his flock, giving to them and receiving from them the bread and water of life, and being to them a very present help in every time of trouble.

In the Universal church of the future, such ministry will be still needed as long as there are wavering wills to be strengthened, and sorrowing hearts to be comforted. He considered the rousing of men's consciences an important part of his work? "Can't something be done and said to stir men's hearts and hands so that even the drowsy shall go home with hearts beating in their bosoms." The 17th of June of 1860 was consecrated to the memorial service for our beloved pastor. The sacred flowers he loved, and from which he had drawn so many lessons, were on his desk, and the noble men who had stood with him through the battle of his life, paid tribute to his worth. The dear old psalms which he had chosen for the funeral in Florence were read, and the old, old hymns, which will ever resound with his voice in our ears, were sung with trembling voices. The place was so filled and hallowed, that we lingered as if he were there among us. And as one by one the old friends have gone to their rest, we have gathered tenderly about them, our hearts full of the old communion.

Do we need sable draperies and mournful psalms when a noble life has filled us with courage and love?

Nearly thirty years the society held together through every discouragement,

for the place once held by Theodore Parker could never be filled, and yet the tie was too strong to be broken.

The building consecrated to his memory has now passed into Unitarian hands, pledged to use it for the freedom and humanity for which he labored. His picture hangs in the Channing Hall with the men whose fellowship he once loved. You, in this great centre of America, will take up the banner, and will bear it onward to new victory. Is it not true that after death comes the resurrection?

I rejoice to believe that his work is going on, and that thousands who never listened to his living voice, recognize this "great friend to all the sons of men."

Notes from the Field.

Humboldt, Iowa.—The fifteenth anniversary of this Church was observed at the Church building, on the 15th inst., by a banquet followed by an appropriate literary and musical programme. Nearly one hundred and fifty members and friends of the Society were served with a sumptuous repast, after which the minister, Rev. Marion Murdock, acting as toast master, called the following toasts: "The Church," "The Unity Ladies' Circle," "The Sunday-School," "The Unity Club," "The Choir," "Church Finances" and "The Intellectual Side of Unitarianism," which were responded to by G. S. Garfield, Mrs. Alice Taft, Leon Hack, Mrs. Mary Garfield, Mrs. Gazelle Sharp, Wm. J. Taft and C. A. Babcock. "The Pulpit and the Pews" was responded to by the minister herself, Rev. Marion Murdock. At the close of this response, which was very spicy and evoked enthusiastic applause, Mr. G. L. Tremain advanced, asking opportunity to introduce a resolution which read as follows: "Be it resolved by the members and attendants of Unity Church that we feel moved at this annual meeting to express to our minister, Rev. Marion Murdock, our deeply sincere appreciation of her faithful and untiring service with us in the past and a recognition of her valuable teaching and influence, and that we earnestly and cordially solicit a continuance of the same relationship in the future." This resolution was unanimously adopted with an enthusiasm that unmistakably evinced sincerity. These exercises were interspersed with choice music. The annual election of officers followed, and then a social hour in which congratulations on a successful anniversary meeting were exchanged.

Richmond, Indiana.—From our correspondent, Harrison Ogborn, we have the following account of recent movements at Richmond: Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, preached two deeply interesting and instructive sermons for us here, May 12th and 13th, on the "Rise of Our Faith, and Its Meaning and Mission." After the second sermon, the following covenant was read and unanimously approved and adopted: "We, whose names are annexed, do join ourselves together for the study of the principles of Liberal Christianity, for the promotion of righteousness and good will in our midst, and for the furtherance of public worship." We then organized, with a Club of twenty members, it being the result of many years' labor of a handful of faithful souls, in talking, writing, working and distributing Unitarian literature, including the good words preached so acceptably four years ago by Bros. J. T. Sunderland and A. G. Jennings. Our Club is twice as large as we expected it would be at first, yet if all who are in full sympathy with us, in and out of the Churches, in this city had acted up to their convictions, we would have had a hundred as charter members. Yet as we are not elated by success, nor cast down by discouragements, we live in full faith that we have Truth, Justice, Progress, Mercy, Love and Righteousness on our side, and we go forward fearing no evil, working for the upbuilding of the Church of the Universal Spirit, and the uplifting of ourselves and our fellow men and women, and the blessings that come to us in the discharge of duties faithfully performed from pure motives.

Providence, R. I.—We are indebted to our correspondent, M. J. G., for the following:—Providence has been exceptionally favored the past week. On Sunday, beautiful Bell Street Chapel, was filled to overflowing with the best cultured people of our city, who listened with delight to Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant of England. In the evening, with true hospitality, the Central Baptist Church was thrown open to the public, and Baptists and Unitarians sat side by side in the pulpit, joined by the one invisible but very pleasant tie of love, as they did honor to this gifted woman and her noble mission. Her subject for the evening was "Social Purity," and it was handled with special grace and courage.

On Monday, the Women suffragists met in Blackstone Hall, to hear what Mrs. Chant had to say on their behalf. For more than an hour she held her audience, now moving to laughter, now to tears, but always with such an underlying spirit of tenderness that her words sank deep into the hearts of all present. Her plea for the sympathy of American Women on behalf of the Russian Student girls, was particularly touching. At the close of

the session some one asked for a song, and Mrs. Chant, seating herself at the piano, sang Shelley's "Skylark," with fine effect, to music of her own composing.

Englewood, Ill.—The Universalist Church of Englewood, issues its weekly *Messenger*, a four page paper, bearing as its motto, "Behold, I bring you good tidings." It gives "the spirit of last Sunday's sermon," and many pleasant bits of news, and carries the weekly announcements to the homes of its people. A recent number tells the story of a tribute of love and respect to the good pastor, Rev. Florence E. Kolloch, from the Englewood Commandery No. 59, Knights Templar. They bore to her a resolution "beautifully engrossed and enclosed in a handsome frame of antique oak with oxidized silver beading," thanking her for an invitation to attend the services of her church on Easter Sunday, and for her address on that occasion. The Knights also procured the printing of "several hundred elegant copies" of the Easter address. Any one desiring a copy can be supplied by applying to the editor, Ervin A. Rice, 6646 Perry Avenue.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The *Conservator* for May comes to our table bearing tidings of the churches at Philadelphia and in the vicinity. It contains interesting extracts from the sermons of the ministers, news from Unitarian churches and clubs, from societies for ethical culture, the summary of a sermon by Dr. Kranskopf, pastor of the Keneseth Israel congregation, and short letters from New York and Chicago. The *Conservator* is not an "organ," but is striving to conserve truth and goodness wherever found, and is packed full of good things. Its editor is the old-time correspondent of UNITY, Horace L. Traubel.

Saco, Me.—The Second Unitarian parish at Saco sends us "The Outlook" for May and June. "Another Outlook from the Second Parish seeks to give its readers a glimpse of Unitarian thought and work, and invites them to become acquainted with our Church in Saco." So runs the editorial greeting, and into the four compact pages are caught not only sentences "from our pulpit," but from pulpits east and west all over the land, bringing many earnest voices to reinforce the word of the Saco ministers.

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Announcements.

The \$10,000 Subscription to the Theodore Parker Memorial Contribution to the Endowment Fund of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Rev. Wm. J. Potter, New Bedford, Mass.	\$100
Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Boston, Mass.	100
Rev. John W. Chadwick, Brooklyn, N. Y.	300
Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y. (to raise)	500
Thos. L. Johnson, Cleveland, O.	500
Miss Mary E. Bailey, Chattanooga, Tenn.	25
Rev. Mila F. Tupper, LaPorte, Ind.	50
Thomas Kilpatrick, Omaha, Neb.	500
Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.	100
Miss Jessie Stone, " "	25
Jas. B. Galloway, Chicago, Ill. Church of Messiah	500
D. L. Shorey, " "	250
Miss Emma Dupee, " "	50
J. M. Wanser, " Third Church	500
E. A. West, " "	200
Mrs. E. A. West, " "	50
H. D. Hatch, " "	25
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Mrs. Frances Beckwith, " "	50
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Mr. & Mrs. M. Leonard, " "	25
Mr. & Mrs. W. W. Knowles, " "	15
Miss A. A. Turner, " "	20
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Dr. & Mrs. M. F. Horine, " "	10
Richard L. Jones, " "	10
Miss Mary L. Jones, " "	10
H. M. Verrill, " "	10
Edson Reifsnider, " "	10
Mrs. J. N. Angier, " "	5
Rabbi Isaac S. Moses, " "	10
F. B. Tobey, " "	50
A. L. Brown, " "	20
Mr. & Mrs. W. G. Gordon, Hinsdale, Ill.	50
C. C. Warren, " "	25
Unity Church, " "	25
Miss Jennie A. Wilcox, Oak Park, Ill.	10
Unitarian Church, Sheffield, Ill.	10
Miss Donna J. Pervier, " "	5
Rev. M. J. Miller, Geneseo, Ill.	50
Rev. S. B. Loomis, Monmouth, Ill.	10
Mrs. H. B. Hoyt, Kalamazoo, Mich.	25
Rev. A. W. Gould, Manistee, Mich.	20
Mrs. M. S. Savage, Cookville, Wis.	10
Mrs. H. W. Stebbins, " "	10
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Mrs. Martha C. Clark, " "	50
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Miss C. M. Holmes, " "	5
Mrs. Mary E. Wicklin, Dubuque, Iowa.	5
Wm. R. Smith, Sioux City, Iowa.	250
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J. B. Case, St. Louis, Mo.	500
Prof. C. M. Woodward, " "	50
Mrs. Chas. R. Suter, " "	50
Unity Church, Humboldt, Iowa.	30

Sums previously acknowledged to the Endowment Fund of the Western Unitarian Conference \$16,128 \$22,614

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Jas. L. Jones, " "	
Jas. Philip, " "	
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